

AIR-BALLOON,

OR

Blanchard's Triumphant Entry

INTO THE

ETHERIAL WORLD;

A POEM.

To which is added a

TOUCH on the TIMES

IN

TWO FABLES.

WITH

M A R I A,

A POEM.

Taken from

STERNE'S TRISTAM SHANDY

When YOUNG, with sanguine chear, and STREAMERS, gay,
We CUT our CABLE, LAUNCH INTO THE WORLD,
And fondly dream each WIND and STAR our FRIEND;
All, in some darling enterprize embarkt;
But where is he can fathom its extent?

YOUNG's Night Thoughts.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Blanchard (J. P.)
7c

11630.22.6

AIR-BALLOON,

OR

Blanchard's Triumphal Entry

INTO THE

ETHERIAL WORLD;

A P O E M.

To which is added a

TOUCH on the TIMES

IN

T W O F A B L E S.

WITH

M A R I A,

A P O E M.

Taken from

STERNE'S TRISTAM SHANDY

When YOUNG, with sanguine chear, and STREAMERS, gay,
We CUT our CABLE, LAUNCH INTO THE WORLD,
And fondly dream each WIND and STAR our FRIEND;
All, in some darling enterprize embarkt;
But where is he can fathom its extent?

YOUNG's Night Thoughts.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

307
AIR-BALLOON

OR

Blanchard's Triumphant Entry

INTO THE

ETHERIAL WORLD;

A POPULAR

To which is added a

TOUCH on the TIMES

IN

TWO PAGES.



A POPULAR

TOUCH on

STERLING'S TRISTAM SHANDY

When Young's was first sent, and STRENGTH, say,
We cut our way, LAUNCH INTO THE WORLD,
And fondly dream each WIND and STAR our FRIEND;
All in some day is, and some day is, and some day is,
But where is he can follow his extent?
Young's Night-Thoughts.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

AIR-BALLOON,
OR
BLANCHARD'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY
INTO THE
ETHERIAL WORLD,
A P O E M.

ARGUMENTUM.

The glory of the Sun displayed, in a description of a Summer's Morn; with a contemplation on the wonderful works of nature.

A VISION illustrated in Four parts, (viz.)

- ft. } A description of Thunder, and Fame proclaiming to the
1 } world the victory of BLANCHARD.
- d. } A representation of the Gods and Goddeses, and the
2 } triumph of BLANCHARD displayed in the Etherial World,
3 } with their descension to the British Isle, to deliver to
4 } Britannia the standard of Wisdom.
- d. } Their arrival on Great-Britain, and a description of the
3 } reception of Britannia, who received the standard from
4 } Jupiter.
- th. } Jove commands Minerva to relate to Britannia the story
4 } of BLANCHARD'S triumphal entry.

14 U T H S M U O Y I

(1) *State of Texas*

A I R-B A L L O O N,
O R
BLANCHARD'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY
INTO THE
ETHERIAL WORLD;
A P O E M.

—"Vigebit in omne ævum.—"

HA I L ! blest Sol's refulgent ray
Whose glitt'ring beams awake the day,
Who spreads his glory o'er the sky,
Enlightens the vast canopy!
Enthron'd in lustre rolls along
Surrounded by a num'rous throng,
Whose twinkling sparks soon do fade
When *His* bright entry is made—

B

—The

—The *Moon* grows pale, in envy sighs
 To view the Monarch of the skies
 In triumph ride, where she did reign
 Queen of the *Ethereal* plain,
 She sooths her anx'ous cares to rest
 'Till *Sol's* departure's in the west;
 Then steppeth forth in splendor bright,
 Again reigns mistress of the night,—
 —The *Starry-Host* each other vies,
 Dressed in spangled habits tries
 T' emulate, their sumptuous Queen
 When she in public is not seen—
 —Thus Great *JEHOVAH!* from above
 Shows all mankind his wond'rous love,
 Displays his wisdom to us all
 Fix'd in this *Terraqueous Ball*.

HAIL! blest *Sol's* refulgent ray
 Whose glitt'ring beams awake the day,
 Parent of blessed seasons!—thine
 The vegetable world—sublime
 Thou mov'st in state thine annu'l round;
 And hast beauteous nature crown'd;

Whose

Whose Light gives joy and life to all
 Prime cheerer! of this earthly-Ball—
 —Rejoicing in the eastern skies
 Behold! the pow'rful King arise,
 Breaks out in Majesty divine,
 Illum'd with gold the mountains shine,
 The Hills and Rocks and wand'ring streams,
 And Towers, in high-burnish'd gleams,
 They all rejoice to see their King,
 And nature smiles in beaut'ous spring—
 —The charming Lawn—the verdant Grove,
 Where Jessamins and Roses wove
 A Bow'r enrich'd—as *Milton* sings
 Like *Paradise* such pleasure brings,
 No artful beauties are intwin'd
 With lustre, to insnare the mind;
 But drest in simple nature, gay,
 And shine resplendent as the day.
 Each Flower and each fragrant Herb
 Deck'd in elegance superb,
 Diffuses delicious sweets around
 In vari'gated beauties crown'd,

While we unmindful tread upon
 Th' Embroider'd—carpet spread along,
 Wrought in workmanship divine!
 Where colours innum'able shine,
 Where Hyacinths and Crocus' keep
 Watch—while the God of sleep
 Invites the stranger to repose
 And guards him from the wind which blows;
 —Thus wrapp'd in wond'rous contemplation
 Fill'd with the grand consummation!
 I laid me down absorb'd in thought;
 And soon by *Morpheus'* snare was caught.

An awful VISION! struck my sight
 Enrob'd in flames of rapid light,
 The fiery Clouds I did behold,
 Burst forth, and loud Thunders roll'd!
 All Heavens' Artill'ry begun!
 The Exhalation hid the Sun
 And darkness thro' the Region run.
 Amazement shook my shiv'ring frame!
 And horrid Images became

Usurper

Ufurper of my former blifs,
 And tore away my happinefs!—
 —Trembling beneath this awful fight!
 Methought I faw a fheet of Light
 Spreading its fi'ry train around,
 Ufhering a tremendous found!
 The vaft and mighty Concave rung!
 And flaming thunder bolts were flung,
 The Heav'ns and Earth convulfive fhook
 All Nature of the wreck partook!
 The repercuffive roar maintain'd
 An univerfal-Fire reign'd!
 Deftruction hurl'd on ev'ry fide
 And Defolation fpreading wide!—
 —Thus in amazement I was bound
 Until I heard a Trumpet found,
 When on the Clouds appeared *Fame*
 Some glor'ous deed for to proclaim,
 Had caus'd the Elements to fhake
 And rous'd the World to hear her fpeak.
 Then on Great *Blanchard's* name did call
 Thrice founded o'er this Earthly-Ball,

And

And to the distant Poles did fly,
Reecho'ng thro' the Canopy.

Now the vast Gates of Heaven flew
Expanded wide—the Clouds withdrew,
The *Sun* his brightest robe put on,
His fi'ry Char'ot wheel'd along,
The Heav'nly-Host was now display'd,
The Gods in splendor were array'd,
Their Crowns of gold in lustre shone
As fi'ry *Sun's*; around the Throne,
Where sat, the Great Almighty *Jove*
(Whose glitt'ring Sceptre rules above)
Enrob'd in Light—the God displays
The Glory of his Heav'nly rays,
Illumes and dazzles the whole sphere,
And impedeth *Sol's* career;
Whose fi'ry Orb shrinks at the sight,
And emits a glimmering light;
Like as the *Moon*, when *Sol* does rise,
Whose brightness dwindles soon and dies,
Who quickly is perceiv'd to fade
And for to lessen in a shade—

—Thus

—Thus Triumphant sat great *Jove*
 Enthron'd in Majesty above
 Who Thunders did command to cease
 Which did obey—and all was peace—
 —Now Heavens' banner flew on high,
 While shouts reechoed thro' the sky,
 Sweet concord thro' *Olympus* run
 And the grand Jubilee begun,
 When *Jupiter* commanded *Fame*
 To resound *Britannia's* name;
 Whose happy *Isle* she does declare
Minerva's standard she shall bear;
 Which great *Albion* shall receive
 For Gods alone these blessings give—
 —A shout was heard made Heaven ring
 The Gods assembled round their King,
 While each in honour tribute pays
 And *Blanchard's* crown'd with Godlike Bays.
 A splendid Equipage appear'd
 The Heav'nly-Host in triumph bear'd
Immortal Blanchard! rais'd on high
 Guarded thro' th' *Ethereal sky*;—

—Great

—Great *Jove* in his triumphal Car,
 And Gods and Goddeffes—afar
 Appear'd in gold'n Clouds descending
Blanchard's Air-Balloon, suspending
 O'er the head of mighty *Jove*;
 While all in solemn silence move.

Britannia th' glor'ous scene survey'd
 While prostrate on the ground she laid,
 Fir'd with anxious expectation,
 Wrapp'd in silent admiration!
 Their near approach she soon descries
 And waits 'till *Jove* shall bid her rise;
 While raptures fill'd her noble breast,
 To view her *Isle* supremely blest—
 —The liquid world in tempest rag'd
 The billows roar'd—the God amaz'd!
 Arising from his wat'ry bed
 Uprear'd, he shook his hoary head,
 And with his Trident in his hand
 On *Albion's Cliffs*, he took his stand;
 While the Gods their course did bend
 To *Britain's Isle*—where they descend

In Majestic Pomp divine,
 Enthron'd in splendid glory shine—

Minerva's Standard was display'd,
 The Goddess beautiful array'd
 Drest in Dignity and Love !
 Stood by the side of mighty *Jove* ;
 And strung her harp with Gods to sing
 To make the *British-vallies* ring,
 The melodious, sweetest strain
 Was heard throughout th' heavenly Train,
 Chanting forth great *Blanchard's* praise
 Unto the skies their voices raise—

—The grand Chorus fill'd the *Plain*
 Where *Liberty* is known to reign
 Where lovely *Ceres'* anxious care
 Makes the fertile Fields to bear,
 And in *Britannia's* lap does pour
 The luxuriant Golden shower !----

-----*Pomona* too for *Britain's* use
 Produces her nectareous juice,
 Delicious fruit profusely flows !

Such as she on the Gods bestows—

—*Minerva*—watchful guards her coast,
 Such glory Empires cannot boast,
 To have a Goddess take the Helm
 And as a Pilot steers the realm
 In safety, thro' the storm does ride
 In War—in Peace—always her guide.
 While *Mars* victorious gains renown
Britannia wears the Laurel crown ;
 Oh blest Isle!—where Gods reside
 To great and glorious deeds alli'd ;
 The favour'd spot of earthly blifs !
 The Paradise of happiness !
 Where reigns a noble—virtuous King,
 Whose glory let *Great Britain* sing.

'Thus was this happy *Island* blest
 When *Jove* descended with the rest
 Of Gods—to chant great *Blanchard's* fame
 Enrolling his immortal name
 Among the heav'nly—list divine ;
 Recorded 'till the end of Time—

And such was great *Jove's* sacred will
 To *Fame*—commanding her to fill

The *Island*, with her trumpet's found,
 To make the *British-Air* resound
 With *Immortal Blanchard's* glory,
 And to *Britannia* tell the story—
 —Then *Fame* her brazen trumpet blows
Britannia from the ground arose,
Minerva by the God's command
 Steps forth to take her by the hand,
 Who dress'd in all her native charms
 Receiv'd the Goddess to her arms,
 And move towards the sovereign's Car
 Where *Jove* beheld them from afar
 Descending with majestic grace,
Old Albion's Queen he does embrace,
 Presents her to the Gods---who sing---
 ----“ *Long live Britannia's noble King.*”
 The Heav'nly-Host respect did pay---
 ----*Britannia* knelt ---and thus did say.

“ HAIL sacred Gods !---who from on high
 “ Descended in yon golden-sky,

" Who on my little *Island* deign
 " One blessed moment to remain ;
 " Accept the grateful homage due
 " Of *Britannia* paid to you,
 " Thus will *Britain's* sons be blest'd ;
 " And *Old Albion's* Queen cares'd,
 " Her humble pray'rs ye Gods receive
 " It is all she has to give."

Now silence fill'd the grand Divan,
 When *Jove* advancing---thus began---
 ----" Rise *Britannia*---Rise and see
 " What the Gods have done for thee,
 " Behold! *Minerva's* banner flies
 " The beauteous ensign sweeps th' skies,
 " Erected on your flow'ry plain
 " The Standard always shall remain,
 " Won by *Blanchard's* Ærial flight
 " Presents it as *Britannia's* right,
 " *Minerva* shall the tale declare
 " How *Blanchard* drove thro' Clouds and Air ;
 " 'Till he the highest glory gain'd
 " No mortal e'er before obtain'd."

Blanchard

Blanchard thank'd the Gods--- and bow'd---
 —For the honors they bestow'd,
 And in humble homage paid
 Adoration----and obey'd
 Their sacred will; for to receive
 The glory which the Gods did give.
 Ascribing his immortal Fame
 To Gods alone, from whence it came,
 Whose wisdom unexplor'd, Behold!
 Mysterious wonders to unfold,
 By inspiration who do then
 Change, mortals to immortal men!
 Honors heap'd on us they raise
 Yet foolish man receives the praise!—
 —Now *Jove* in his triumphant-chair
 Plac'd *Britannia*, for to hear
 While *Minerva* did begin
Blanchard's victory to sing,
 Who wrapp'd in expectation waits,
 And the Goddesses—thus relates—
 “ Know *Britannia*—that on high
 “ Where reigns immense eternity,

“ Where

" Where Gods immortal dwell and rest,
 " Where live the Holy Just and Blest,
 " Where happiness is to be found
 " Where Joys untainted flow around, }
 " With unbounded pleasures crown'd,
 " Where no mortal has ascended
 " Since the Heavens were extended,
 " *Where attempts have been in vain
 " For ages past this *Port* to gain—
 " —Is now by great *Blanchard* won,
 " Whose voyage victorious was begun
 " When news was brought unto us all
 " That men were flying from the Ball,
 " From *Albion's Cliffs* had taken flight,
 " And appeared then in fight,
 " To the skies their course had bent
 " Had cross'd Old *Neptune's* element,
 " In their *Car* thro' Air they driv'd
 " Above the clouds were then arriv'd;
 " And soon would be with Gods on high
 " And enter the *Etherial sky*—

* Alluding to the Tower of Babel.

“ — *Jove* with wonder heard the story
 “ Of *Immortal Blanchard's* glory,
 “ And astonish'd did command
 “ That before him I should stand,
 “ Who with awful words, severe,
 “ Demanded what brought *Blanchard* here,
 “ And how I dar'd presume to give
 “ Wisdom to *Foreigners* who live
 “ On *Britain's Isle*, his favour'd spot
 “ Which to such excellence had got
 “ They rival'd Gods, and in whose breast
 “ Souls as noble they possess'd,
 “ Thousands there I should have found
 “ More deserving to be crown'd
 “ Commanders of the *Ærial* flight
 “ Who cou'd claim it as their right;
 “ As subjects of the *British-Plain*
 “ Where I *Minerva* always reign,
 “ And to inhance my People's love
 “ (Continu'd the Almighty *Jove*)
 “ On them, my wisdom have display'd
 “ All honors on *Great Britain* laid,
 “ That

" That none from my great *Isle* should dare
 " The *British* garland for to wear ;
 " In triumph boast what they have done
 " On *Albion's Shores* what glory won,
 " Proclaim their story to the world,
 " How in amazement all were hurl'd,
 " To see such wonders done on high
 " Where none of *Britain's* sons could vie,
 " But to my Subjects give the Bays,
 " And on them all my glory raise—
 " —Thus said *Jove*—I should have reign'd
 " And love, and admiration gain'd,
 " But now they'd trip it to the fun
 " And we should soon be over-run
 " With all Nations, who would try
 " To learn by *Blanchard* how to fly,
 " Such vain mortals, whose desires
 " Lead on—while ambition fires ;
 " Would attempt their world to change
 " That thro' the Heavens they might range,
 " And would quit their Earthly-Ball
 " To reign as Gods among us all—

“ —*Britannia*

" — *Britannia* — thus did *Jove* command

" Why I forsook your *British-Land*,

" And to other nations give

" Wisdom, which she should receive,

" When I bowing — did obey

" His sacred will — and thus did say."

" HAIL ! mighty *Jove*, celest'al King

" Parent of ev'ry glorious thing

" Thy wonders let a Goddess sing,

" Thy Pow'r and Excellence divine

" Which thro' the Heavens always shine !

" Justice, Peace and wonderous Love,

" All Joys and Happiness above

" Proclaim there reigns Almighty *Jove* !

" — Hail ! universal Lord of light,

" Deign to hear a Subject's right,

" Your lenient mercy let me share,

" Indulge me, while I do declare

" *Blanchard's* glorious ascension,

" Which demands the Gods protection —

" — Know great *Jove* — on *Britain's Plain*

" Where you commanded me to reign.

D

" And

" And where I always do preside
 " Protectress—Counsellor and Guide,
 " Where as Guardian-Angels shields
 " Her *British-Shores*—Her *Fertile Fields*
 " Were never by their Queen neglected
 " But have always been protected,
 " Thro' all dangers always rose
 " VICTORIOUS—as *Britannia*, knows.
 " That all nations are amaz'd
 " To view, the glory she has rais'd
 " On her small *Isle*—which has obtain'd
 " More Laurels, than whole Worlds have gain'd
 " Which noble Tree, I planted there,
 " That the Garlands they might wear;
 " And Ten Thousands I have crown'd
 " Of *Fleets* and *Armies*—while around
 " Their brows, those Laurels were intwin'd,
 " The Tree has flourish'd—smil'd and shin'd—
 " —Yet you great *Jove* condemns my care,
 " And, says, that other nations bear
 " Away this Crown—this wreath of fame;
 " Which *Britain's Sons* alone can claim—

" —'Tis

" —'Tis true I have this tribute paid
 " On *Bourbon's-Plains*, the glory laid,
 " As Wisdom should be unconfin'd
 " For to illuminate the mind,
 " And Blessings flow of ev'ry kind,
 " Each Kingdom should of these receive
 " As Lessons for them how to live;
 " And to each I gave a share,
 " But reserv'd my Laurel here—
 " —For young Briton's I have tri'd,
 " And o'er the Clouds have seen them ride,
 " To make each anx'ous for to wear
 " The Garland, which I hung in Air,
 " To stimulate each noble mind
 " In search of glory for to find;
 " To make (Great Jove) my *Briton's* soar
 " O'er Kingdoms, to exalt her pow'r,
 " An emulation I did raise,
 " As each deserves--receives the praise--
 " —*Blanchard* then I did command
 " On *Albion's Cliffs* to take his stand,

" Acrofs her *Channel* for to bend
 " His courfe, and to the Clouds afcend,
 " To enter the *Etherial* fky
 " Where I received him on high---
 " —Who now waits your facred will
 " Great *Jove's* commands for to fulfil."

" Thus *Britannia*---I fustain'd
 " *Blanchard* for his glory gain'd,
 " When mighty *Jove* gave me the crown,
 " Proclaiming to the Gods around,
 " *Immortal Blanchard* fhould receive
 " The Laurels, which the Gods did give,
 " Then *He* gave commands to *Fame*
 " To found *Immortal Blanchard's* name
 " And to *Great Britain's* *Isle* repair
 " To fix *Minerva's* *Standard* there"—
 —Thus I thought the Goddefs fpoke
 When from my *VISION* I awoke.

A

TOUCH *on the* TIMES

IN TWO FABLES,

F A B L E *First.*

THE LION, FOX, WOLF, AND MULE.

“ Sic parvis magna componere solebam.” VIRG.

A FOX in council did reside
 In whom their confidence reli'd,
 Whose wisdom was the strongest chain
 That link'd secure a happy reign.
 Supported always a good cause
 And for his Brethren *framed laws*—
 —As some *Beasts* were known to prey
 Destroy their *neighbours* ev'ry day
Ravage!—and *slay innocence!*
 He made a * Law for their defence,
 Which pass'd without the least debate
 'Mongst these great counsellors of state,

* E . . . I Bill.

Except

Except a *Wolf*—whose daring soul

Run to the *Lion* with a howl!

Roaring all was devastation

'Twould be over with the *nation*,

The *Fox* was striving to create

Himself commander of the State,

This secret tale—th' *Lion* believ'd

And by the *Wolf* he was deceiv'd!—

—The *Lion* in whose noble breast

Reigns innocence supremely drest,

Where lenient mercy takes her seat

Impartial Justice to create,

A Godlike soul is to be found

Displaying happiness around

While blessed Peace her Laurels crown'd.

Such happy times the Forest knew

When the vile treach'rous *Wolf* he flew

To set the Woodlands in a roar!

Where Peace harmonious reign'd before—

—The *Lion* rous'd directly sends

For his *supposed steady friends*!

They

They all agree *Poor Fox He drives*
 And in his room—The *Mule* arrives,
 Who says—"There can be none so fit
 " As me, to rule the *Cabinet!!!*
 " To sooth the torrent storm of rage
 " And the loud thunder to assuage,
 " Who can presume with me to vie?
 " Tho' *young*, there's none who by the bye,
 " Can *hereditary talents claim*
 " *Experience too!* has rais'd my fame,
 " For tho' I'm scarcely *Twenty Five*
 " Into a millstone I can dive!
 " Endu'd with such penetration,
 " That I 'lone can save the *nation!*
 " Prodigies make fully clear
 " Work miracles another year,
 " By you assisted best of friends
 " Shall be my care to make amends,
 " Give you all you'd wish to have
 " *The nation's money we might save*
 " *Amongst ourselves!*—have no disquiet,
 " A Kingdom risk to stop a riot,
 " *Conferring*

" *Conferring honors ! Coffers filling !*

" Pray who 'mongst you is not willing ?

" To support so good a cause

" Be reconciled to my laws,

" And be assur'd none in my place

" Sprung ever from so good a race,

" Descended from a noble stock

" I am a Chip of the old block !!!"—

—Thus argues th' ostentatious *Mule*

Who undertakes the Wood to rule,

The *Fox* heard this and shook his head,

And some time after—thus he said—

" Behold ! the haughty *Mule* extends

" The *Royal-Honors* on his Friends !

" And *alluring baits* has caught

" The *usurpation* ! which he fought,

" See how he strives to keep his seat,

" How many vassals round him wait !

" They swarm like bees—he fills the * *HIVES*

" And from the honey sweets derives !

" The † *Law* he made has hid the *Sun* !

" And *darkness* thro' the Forest run.

* Houses of P—r—t. † The Window Tax.

" If not one ray of *Light* we have
 " We might as well live in a grave,
 " Reside in some *dark horrid* PITT!
 " Where none but very Devils sit,
 " As for *his Friends they hate the Light* !
 " They're long ago depriv'd of sight,
 " For to his Follies, we may find
 " They are alas!—become stone blind!—
 " —Again—yon *Fertile ‡ Plain* behold !
 " Whose Pasture's like peruvian gold
 " On which those * *Guardians*—(who did fight
 " For to maintain our Forests' right)
 " Are by the *Mule* forbid to graze,
 " Unless each *now* his *Taxes* pays ;
 " And by which horrid dread command !
 " Are thousands starving o'er the land !—
 " —My Friends !—those *vallies* pray survey,
 " Whose † *herbage* keeps us ev'ry day
 " (Without whose succour we should all
 " Involv'd in one destruction fall !)
 " Will by *Hibernian-Beasts* be rang'd
 " And we alas!—shall be estrang'd

† Alluding to the Town of Manchester. • The Inhabitants of
 that Town who rais'd a Regiment in the late War. ‡ Commerce.

" From those blessings we enjoy'd
 " When they our *pastures* have destroy'd!—
 " Such's his *curs'd administration*
 " He's nearly ruin'd half the *nation*!
 " His records will be mark'd in stains
 " Time can't deface—*Yet still he reigns!*—
 —The Beasts amaz'd! lift up their eyes
 Fill'd full of horror and surprize!—
 " —Ungrateful Monster—they repli'd—
 " Henceforth no more to us alli'd
 " We disclaim you---hence depart—
 " And learn to know a grateful heart."—

F A B L E Second.

" O dii immortales, ubinam gentium sumus!"

THERE is a *Den* a place of fame
 Where *discord* takes her horrid name!
 Where *Peace* in her harmonious sound
 Is *rara avis*!—to be found,
 HONESTUS too, is seldom there
 For his old cloaths are worn so bare
 And he's become so poor of late!
 They kick'd him out and took his seat!

And

And in his place *Ambition* leap'd
 With dignatorial honors heap'd,
 A Train of servile monsters wait
 His will and pleasure to create,
 In him they vest the sole control;
 Whilst Envy dissipates the soul!
 The more she fawns the greater snare
 This merc'less Traitors places there,
 'Till headlong from the summit's thrown
 And each contendeth for the bone.—

Behold! assembled at the place
 All anx'ous striving for the race,
 Each mounted on his favourite steed
 Known by some mighty, glorious deed!
 Whilst poor HONESTUS, stands alone
 Nor is by any of them known!—
 —Perhaps a few have seen his face,
 But now, could not one feature trace!
 Ingratitude's a horrid crime!

How shameful!—how corrupt's the time!—
 —Hark the noise!—the Trumpets sound
 Behold! them trampling o'er the ground,
 See! *ambition* takes the lead,
 Driving on her foaming steed;

Deck'd in colours, pompous, gay,
 O'er the land---she steals away,---
 ---Next to her---comes *Pride* full drest
 In gawdy show outvies the rest,
 Pushing forward---strives to gain
 The wish'd for Haven---but in vain---
 ---Mark!---*Self Interest's* anx'ous care
 The Victor's Garland, for to wear,
 See! HONESTUS---tries his force
 View them stretching o'er the course,---
 ---Hark!---They shout---the Haven's gain'd
 The wish'd for Laurel is obtain'd.
 The Donor on *Self Interest* calls
 He's won the prize---HONESTUS FALLS!!!---
 ---No sooner crown'd---then fame declares
 And to the *Den* in triumph bears,
 And on the wings of *scandal* flies
 To tell the world---HONESTUS DIES!!!
 "Thus the V---s of State
 "Go hand in hand amongst the great."

M A R I A

Taken from

STERNE'S TRISTAM SHANDY,

vol. 4. ch. 83.

“Sed quid tentare nocebit?”

—**T**HEY *were the sweetest notes*--said I---*

Were ever heard—as I did pass
To catch the sound in driving bye,
I instantly let down the Glass.

Struck with the melodious sound
I stopt---and listen'd to the Air;
Till Extacy my senses drown'd
Lost in the wonders of the Fair!

The sweetest notes she did impart
Which ever struck a mortal's Ear!
Or stole a Passage to the Heart;
Or drew a sympathetic Tear!

* Mr. SHANDY,

“Maria!

" *Maria* !---poor *Maria* !---cry'd

" *Postillion*---pointing to my view,

" And in broken accents sigh'd---

" ---Alas poor Girl!---I pity you!"

" *Maria* ! dear angelic Maid

" Behold!---on yonder *Eank* does stray

" With *Goat* and *Pipe*"---('twas all he said)

What can't a feeling Heart display.

Oh happy man!---who feels the woes

Of Fellow-Mortals as his own,

Such Mercy God on him bestows!

Such Mercy pleads for him alone!

Maria !---pray what mourner's she__

"---(said I)--who claims the falling *Tear*?"

" ---The Pity!--Love!--exclaimed he

" Of Villagers adored here."

" It is alas!--but scarcely three

" Revolving Seasons e'er the Sun:

" Shone on so wise---so good as thee

" Thou beauteous Fair!---thou lovely One!

" Ah

" Ah cruel Fate!—how couldst thou tear
 " This blooming Flower from the Field!
 " And throw poor Nature in despair!
 " To mourn the Plant which she did yield?

 " A better doom she did deserve
 " Than be by wicked Man* betray'd
 " Whose vile Intrigues—alas! did serve
 " To blast the hopes of this fair Maid!

 " Just Heaven!—what dost thou ordain
 " For wretches whose vile Hearts display
 " A Thirst for Infamy, to stain
 " And take pure Innocence away!

—The Youth was going to proceed—
 —*Maria*—who had made a pause

Then to her mouth she puts the Reed,
 And from it sweet harmony draws.

* The Curate of the Parish who published her Bans and
 by whose intrigues they were forbid.

The Air she then begun and play'd
 Ten times sweeter than before :
 Some Cherub fure had lent her aid,
 That Mortals might with Gods adore.

" __It is the service of the Eve
 " Which to the Virgin she does raise
 (Continu'd he)---none can conceive
 " Who taught---or gave the Pipe she plays.
 " Sure Heaven has assistance lent
 " In both---to this disorder'd Maid !
 " And divine Consolation sent,
 " For Blessings which are now decay'd !
 " This sacred Hymn by *night* and *day*,
 " In mournful and melodious sound
 " Unto the Hills she does convey,
 " While they in Concert echo round."

—Such Eloquence from Nature drew
Postillion—who did this relate
 That in his *rank*--I saw and knew
 Such language prov'd a higher state.

Now

—Now we arrived near the Lawn

Where sat *Maria* cloath'd in white

Her *Hair* in filken net was drawn

Except two Tresses hung in fight.

On one side *Olive Leaves* were plac'd

And form'd in a Fantastick way,

Simplicity her Features grac'd

Which shone resplendent as the day!

Her lovely Image!—drew my soul

To Pity!—Wonder!—and Delight!

My beating Heart could not control

While poor *Maria*! was in fight.

“—God help her!—poor disorder'd Maid

“One hundred Masses have around

• Been offer'd up---(Postillion said)

“For her—but no relief she's found.

• We still have hopes as she appears

“At Times restored to her mind

• That the holy Virgin hears

“The Prayers---and will at last prove kind.

“Her

" Her aged Parents shake their heads

" Despair! and Horror hover round!

" The tear of wretched anguish shed!

" —In miserable sorrows drown'd."

—As he spoke this---*Maria* made

So tender--mournful a Complaint

That from my Chaise sprung to her aid

To console the mourning Saint.

E'er relapsed from my Fit

Of enthusiastic Love;

I found that I between did fit

The *Goat*, and this angelic Dove.

Maria—with dejected Air

Look'd at me—then her *Goat* did view—

—And then at me—for to compare

A likeness which Ideas drew.

" —Well *Maria*!—whisper'd I--

" What resemblance do you find?

My Heart then smote me with a sigh

Pronounc'd me cruel and unkind.

Oh

Oh Reader! if a soul thou hast
 To feel and pity the Distrest!
 Think what horrid Pangs held fast
 Possession of my tortur'd breast.

When I did ask the lovely Fair
 Which by conviction I was led,
 That Likeness unto *Beasts* we bear
 Or believe me *such* I'd never said.

To sport and play--(not all the wit
 Of *Rabelais* for to obtain)
 With misery!---where she does fit
 I'd not let fall for worlds to gain.

Yet I was struck I own---and swore
 All my Days grave words to give;
 And never--never--commit more
 Mirth---as long as I did live.

Adieu poor Maid!--Farewel!--Adieu!

Some Time--*not now*--I perhaps may hear
 Thy Sorrows from thy Lips---and who
 Has caus'd thy Pain!--thy falling Tear!

But

But I that moment was deceiv'd

She such a Tale of woe did raise!--

---I rose---from grief to be reliev'd

With broken steps walk'd to my Chaise.

E P I G R A M.

On the Inventor of the Commutation Tax, vulgarly called the Abomination Tax.

P. stands for *Patriot*, P. stands for *Pitt*
 And P. (no offence) will *p--k p--t* fit ;
 'Twixt P. P. and P. then why make a *Pother*
 Since all are as like as three *Peas* to each other.

On seeing the above in the General Evening Post the
 Author of this work returned the following Answer.

THE POLITICAL RECEIPT

F O R

Dressing the M*****,

S I R,

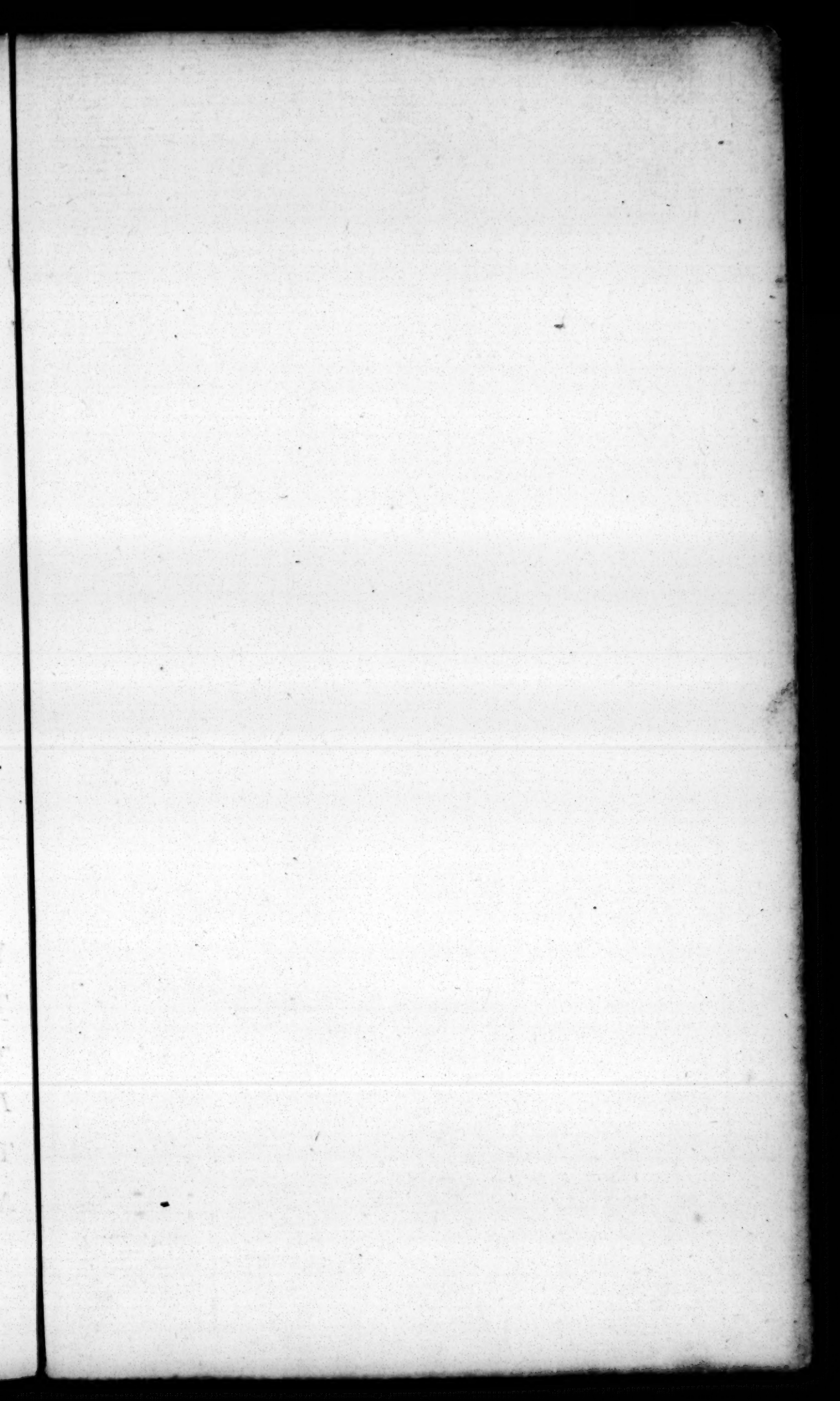
Your union of letters so nicely agree
 They clearly decipher the value of P.
 That like a good Cook my palate you've hit
In roasting the Chicking so well on the spit ;
 Tho' *angry the Boy*, to whom P. does belong,
 A *receipt* you shall have for the rest of th' throng---
 Th'

—Th' *old Cock* is so tough I'd advise you to try
 To cut him in pieces, and put in a pie,
 To season it well—throw in PEPPER that's hot
 And a rare Devil! will fall to our lot;
 But pray you take care HOWE you butter your ROLLS
 Left (KEN*** you) we rubs may meet with at Bowls
 For then each appears as an Ape or an Afs,
 No more fit to direct—than H**** D*****
 With respect to the *goose* which is YOUNG and is *green*
 You must *sing* him and *baste* him 'till *roasted* he's been
 And serve up the whole----on Saint S----'s Table
 That all may partake of the *Feast* who are able—
 The *rest* you may *lump*—for they'll make a good fry
A dish for the Servants!---so I bid you good bye.



ARCHIMAGIRUS.

F I N I S.



11630.e.28